

SCARLETT STEELE



SISSY

Colleague Is Caught Wearing Pink Panties And Locked In Chastity
In An Evening Of Sissification and Forced Feminization

SCARLETT STEELE



SISSY

Colleague Is Caught Wearing Pink Panties And Locked In Chastity
In An Evening Of Sissification and Forced Feminization

Sissy Colleague Is Caught Wearing Pink Panties And Locked In Chastity In An Evening Of Sissification and Forced Feminization

All Rights Reserved © Scarlett Steele 2020

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Individuals on the cover are models and are used for illustrative purposes only.

Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to femdom,

female domination, ballbusting and more.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

This ebook should be purchased/borrowed and read by adults only.

Sign up to the mailing list to

download the free book below

<http://eepurl.com/bxqj-P>

Sign up to my Patreon account and receive exclusive Femdom stories every month

<https://www.patreon.com/femdomerotica>

Visit my Author Page for more books on Crossdressing, Forced Feminization, Sissification, Sissy Training, Humiliation and more

<https://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/ScarlettSteele>

I walk into the project room and see Mary has pens and pencils set on the table in the cups. We need to finish the sketches for the project for Mr. Astor. I walk straight over and pull the colored pens out arranging them in rainbow color order. I do the same with the colored pencils. Mary glares at me from across the table.

"What are you doing, Josiah?" she asks.

Mary and I get along fairly well, but she gets annoyed with me so easily. She can't understand that I'm a perfectionist and I need things done my way or it won't get done at all.

"Arranging the pens and pencils in order so it's easier and quicker for us to grab it," I say.

"Josiah, there are 10 of each and it's not that hard to choose when it's in the cup," she says as she picks the pens and pencils up and places them back into the cups.

I shut my eyes and take a deep breath as I realize I have to try. My palms grow sweaty as I grab a pink pencil one and color in my part of the image. My mouth is dry as I grab a red and blue. I look up, expecting to see the rainbow array and I don't. My mind is racing and my pulse is quickening. I can't work in these conditions. I pull the pens and pencils from the cups again and arrange it in rainbow color order. The cups then go to the top of the supply closet, where she can't reach.

"Seriously?" she asks as she places her hand on her hips.

"Perhaps you need your own pens and pencils. I can't breathe, I have to have them arranged like this so that I can look up, see the color of the rainbow and choose that way. And I'm sorry if you don't have the artistic eye to do the same," I say.

"Suit yourself," she says as she shakes her head and rolls her eyes. Sure, roll your eyes at me because I'm a perfectionist and you're not.

When we finish the work, I feel pretty good because it's gone my way. I've done an exceptional job of my artistic talent, my drawings are exceptionally well.

Mary needs her own pens and pencils and cups in a disarray just like her attitude. She bends over, working on a mashup I peek at her cleavage from the top of her open blouse. She has nice flesh, creamy colored and it dangles just so. I so desperately want to touch to see if it's as soft as it looks. I'd like to plant my nose in there to see if she smells as sweetly as I think she does. She wears a spicy perfume, which mixed with her own raw fragrance smells wonderful. But I'd really like to get down and dirty with her to see what she smells like behind perfume.

I'm terribly attracted to Mary. Even though she's very annoyed by me and my OCD habits, she still gets under my skin. I catch myself looking at her body, peeking at cleavage when she unbuttons her blouse. The smell of her perfume against her raw essence absolutely drives me crazy. But do I dare ask her out on a date? No, because I'm a big fat chicken. I'm the type that would rather suffer in silence, agonizing over the fact that I'd like to lick the slit between her legs than actually ask her on a date and for her to say no to me. Saying no to me would bruise my ego so much so I would want to crawl into the fetal position in my bed and never come out of my house again. I realize I have issues, but that's okay. I am a 29-year-old male, and I have a right to that. Many older people are set in their ways and have weird things about them. And that's okay.

I'm at the mall, walking around aimlessly. I get off work after gazing at that valley between her titties all day. I need to work off some steam and nothing like a good shopping trip would do that for me. I found my way down the mall corridor, seeking something to ease my angst. I'm not sure what. Do I want to buy a new outfit? Do I want to stop in and have a manicure, because yes, even though I'm a man, I enjoy a good manicure too. I work with my hands all day and I need to make it presentable when presenting ad campaigns to my boss. That's what I do. I find myself in front of the giant women's lingerie shop. The place has an ambience it just draws me to it as I walk through the doors. Distinct dingdong sounds as I hear the ladies softly talking in the background.

"Can I help you find something?" The saleslady asks. She has her hair cut in a

soft bob, her auburn tresses framing her face beautifully. She wears makeup that impeccably matches her outfit, her warm brown eyes taking me in.

"Maybe, I'd like to get my girlfriend something special. She talked about wearing this brand of unmentionables," I say as I lift my brow. I have a knack for coming up with tall tales on the sly. I go with it, as I follow her inside.

"Yes, many women love our brand. What size is she?" she asks as she turns to look at me.

"She's 32 waist," I say without skipping a beat. Because 32 is my waist size. Oh my! I'm being so naughty as I have an ulterior motive now. Something is going to make me feel better after working with Mary all day.

"Perhaps she'd like these," the saleslady says. The panties are in a display of silk, cotton, and lacy fabrics before me. She hands a pair to me. "This would be her size."

"Wow, thank you so much. Let me mull this over and decide what I want to get her, and then I'll let you know if I need help," I say. I'm hoping that she will leave me to it as I run my hands over the fabric and pick out what I want to wear. Oh my! I am being a naughty boy. The thought of seeing Mary in these makes a bulge grow larger in my pants. I can't help but think of her. I choose three pairs, a white pair, a black pair, and a pair of pale blue. These silk and lace and so soft. I can't wait to go home and put them on.

"Your girlfriend will love these," the saleslady says as she rings up my purchases. I balk at the cost, \$60 for just three pairs. Wow. These better do the

trick.

"I'm sure she will, I'm giving them to her tonight," I say as I smile.

I take my purchases and leave the mall, feeling giddy inside. Something new for me to be possessive over something different for me to try. I go home and slide the frozen pizza into the oven. The panties lay on my bed. Which one shall I wear first? They are so luxuriously soft and beautiful. I wonder what size Mary wears? I'm sure she's a little smaller than I am in the waist. She has beautiful curves with an otherwise thin build. I close my eyes and picture her naked on my bed, her luscious curves calling to me to caress my hands over them. I shake my head when I hear the oven ding, the pizza is done. After eating the pizza, I come back into my bedroom with complete and utter abandoning giddiness. I grab the pale blue pair and head to the bathroom. A bath is needed, not a shower. This is the feminine moment, and I don't care. Screw anybody else who says I'm not male, I'm very much a male. But I very much would like to hold the feminine specimen against my body and since she's not here and perhaps never will be, I just do it this way.

I soak in the tub, the hot steamy air pushes my cares away. I pour soap into the pouf and make bubbles as I wash my body. I take special care around my balls and cock, because I want the panties to last. At \$20 a pair, they better last!

Once I dry I spritz a masculine body spray over my body and grab the panties. It's a silly habit, bringing it to my nose and sniffing. It smells distinctly like the store, and I picture all those curvy women in there purchasing their goods. As I slide my legs into the panties, I shudder with anticipation. My cock grows hard and the fabric is so soft and it holds my cock to my body the head nearly poking out the top. I take a few steps as the soft material rubs me just right. I can't help but groan as my hand goes there, rubbing everything from the outside. With my cock underneath the soft silk material and lace, I moan as I lurch forward. Precum forms on the waistband and the tip of my cock pokes out. I

giggle, I want to finish this. I have three pairs, after all. I continue rubbing my hand over my cock squeezing the head and bringing myself to great orgasm. I lurch forward as my cock shoots and I groan loudly I fill the panties full of my hot man sauce, the thought of coming in a pair of women's panties turns me on even more. The orgasm is great. And I'm finally done, I pause and put my hand on the bar in the bathroom and catch my breath. I couldn't even make it out of the bathroom without having an orgasm first. Chuckling I peel out of the soiled panties.

"Dirty boy, what am I going to do with you," I say to my reflection.

I slide into the black pair and I go to bed. Of course, I wake up in the morning when and need to take care of myself again. Lying on my bed I rub one out while wearing the panties, and soil the black pair as well. It feels so good and so naughty I can't help but have a hard on because of the panties. I find I truly love it.

I wear a white pair of panties to work with Mary all day. She takes my breath away and badly wants to do it. The hard on I have won't go away, even though I had an orgasm this morning. Dammit! I love this feeling but it also frustrates me. I rush to the mall after work, clearly, three pairs aren't going to do it for me. I see the same sales lady and I smile.

"The panties were hit with her. I'd like to get one of every color," I say without a second thought.

Of course, the saleslady is gleeful as she takes me to the panties. I buy a gray pair, a pink pair, a yellow pair, a purple pair, I red pair, and a mint green pair. And because I'm buying six pairs, I only have to pay \$100. It's buy five pairs and get one pair free. There, I saved money.

When I get home from work, I take another path. It just helps me to think of a woman sitting in the bathtub, cleaning all her lady parts. When I pull myself out of the tub and dry off, I put on a pair of yellow ones. They're beautiful. And it feels great against my cock. I do nothing about it, as I walk around just letting the fabric rub against my hard penis. I want to work myself up very well. And I plan to do so.

By the time I go to bed, I'm very frustrated. The top of my cock has already poked out over the waistband of the yellow panties. I shove it back in, the fabric stretching over the head. I giggle as I gleefully climb into bed and lie on my back. I run my hands slowly over the outside of the panties, rubbing the fabric over my cock. I groan as I squirt pre-cum while squeezing the head. My hand rubs and squeezes faster and faster, as my cock grows longer. By the time I squirt my head pops out and I'm squirting all over my chest. I laugh gleefully, groaning and moaning and enjoying the process. I have to get up and clean off from the mess on my crotch. The panties are dirty from all the pre-cuming I did.

I grab a pink pair this time, and head to work.

Mary smiles as I enter our workstation. The body-hugging black skirt and white silk blouse sets off her pale complexion.

"Looking lovely, today," I say as I set up my spot on the table. I try to start each day by being cordial and hope we'll be off on a good start.

"Good morning, yourself. What's got you so chipper today," she asks.

“I’m working with the lovely Mary. You always make it a better day,” I say as I offer a bright smile.

She snorts. I want to tell her about the pale pink panties I’m wearing. I want to tell her I think about her when I’m rubbing one out in the ladies’ panties I now wear. But I don’t, of course. It’s my dirty little secret. I want to ask her what perfume wears though, I’d like to spritz it on my panties, you know, for good measure to help me think of her all the more.

“Sure thing, smiley McPeterson,” she says. She’s always making up names for me. I snort. She referred to me as a peter in a way.

The day is long and we end up working late. I’m parched as I stand and stretch. I’ve learned some yoga maneuvers and I bend forward touching my hands to the floor and taking a deep cleansing breath. When I right myself, Mary is looking at me oddly.

“Hmph,” she says and shakes her head.

“What?” I ask.

“Oh nothing. It’s okay,” she says as she waves her hand dismissively at me.

We have one last hurdle to finish, adding the color to our boards. I grab the cups of pens and pencils and place them on the table. She stands back, glaring at me as I pull the pens and pencils from the cups and place them in rainbow order.

“Really? Can’t you just one time work with it in the cups?” she asks.

“Why? This makes sense. It’s color order, it helps the eye to find the color quickly,” I say.

“No, it’s anal retentive. It’s your OCD habit of needing things in a certain order. I’m not gonna lie, it drives me nuts,” she says as she shakes her head.

“You should just go with it, Mary. It helps to stay on task.” I smile.

“You should just go with it, Josiah and let go of the need to have it just so for you,” she says.

We start adding the color features and she’s pitching the pens back into a pile.

“Hey, at least I’m not putting it in the cup,” she says as I straighten the pens back into rainbow color order.

"It doesn't take that much effort for you to place them back where you picked it up," I say.

"It doesn't take any effort to place inside the cup. Why are you wanting to add steps to an otherwise grueling day," she says.

"I'm not, this is the artistic side of me making sure we have everything laid out like we need," I say.

It's getting old, the arguing we do. If she would just shut up and go with what I say, I'll be good. But she has to poke at me about my OCD habits. Really, I'm a perfectionist and she should just get over that.

"Josiah, can I ask a question?" she asks.

"Yes," I say as I look up at her.

"Are you gay?" she asks.

Now I have to smile. "No, what makes you think that?" I ask.

"Oh, nothing. Just a lot of gays act like you. Granted, maybe not all, but the ones I know tend to be fussy about things like this," she says as she waves her hand at the table towards the pens and the pencils.

"No, in fact Mary, if I may be so bold as to tell you, I actually have a thing for you. I would love to go out with you," I say.

"Go out with me? You and I do nothing but argue all day long," she says as she stares at me.

"You know nothing about me. You think you know about me, but you really don't. There's a lot more to me than meets the eye," I say.

She chuckles. She widens her eyes as she looks away. "Obviously," she says. She says it so quietly I'm not sure she wanted me to hear it.

"What was that?" I ask. She shakes her head. "No, I heard you say something, could you repeat it please so I can properly answer," I say.

"Ugh. This is exactly what I mean. Like a fly undeterred. You don't catch a hint, do you?"

"What is that supposed to mean? What are you hinting at," I ask. Now I'm getting upset.

"Has anybody else ever asked if you're gay?" She asks.

"Why do you keep insisting on this? No one has ever said that to me. I'm a perfectionist, yes. That's not a sexist thing, that's just who I am," I say.

She chuckles, a sarcastic sound coming from her mouth. "You could have fooled me. In fact, are you perhaps trans?" she asks as she narrows her eyes at me.

A fierce blush rides across my face at that question. I look at her and shake my head. What else can I do? "Absolutely not, why would I be that?" I ask.

"I bet you are. I bet you are trans sexual and you're just not admitting it. But you sure act like it," she says.

I looked down at my body. I'm wearing a pair of men's leather shoes, with trousers that I bought in the men's section and a button up shirt that I also bought in the men's section. And unless she has Superman eyes and can see through my clothes, she doesn't see anything else that would cause her to believe otherwise.

"I'm dressed like a man, I don't know why you would say that," I say.

"Then it wouldn't bother you to think that I would tell everyone else who works with you to wear women's panties?" she asks.

I narrow my eyes at her. "Are you a peeping Tom?" I ask.

"And you're not denying it," she says as she smiles big.

"You have no clue what I'm wearing. I don't know why you're even saying such a thing," I say hoping this will change the subject.

"Because you're wearing a pair of pale pink panties under those trousers. I find it rather humorous that you are," she says.

I turn to her and place my hand on my head. "Why, I should turn you in for sexual harassment," I say to her.

She outright laughs. "Go ahead. Just show your women's panties and I even have the picture to prove it," she said with her lips in a fine line. She shows me the picture of me bending over doing my yoga pose and sure enough, the pale pink panties can be seen from the waistband. I steam and stand in my thoughts for a moment.

"What do you want?" I ask her as I glare at her.

"What do I want? I want you to admit that you are a sissy. I want you to admit that you're a tranny. I want you to admit that you have a thing wanting to wear women's clothing," she says. She's being so cruel.

"I will admit no such thing. I am not a tranny. Maybe I am wearing a pair of women's panties, what's it to you?" I ask.

"Not too long ago you were begging me to go out with you. What the hell? Either you want to go out with me and you're all man, or you're a big fat sissy about to start crying because I'm making fun of you," she says.

"For your information, I bought these panties with you in mind. Yes, I'm wearing panties because I want to get into yours. So there! If you want to turn me in for sexual harassment, go ahead. Just talk about what damn little tease you are," I say.

"Okay, I will. This will cost you your job. It's been nice working with you, Josiah. Or should I call you Josephine?" she asks. She stands and gathers her things as she's being serious.

"Wait, you're not seriously going to tell me are you?" I ask.

She holds up the phone and smirks. "I have proof. And you are difficult to work with to boot. It would give me an immense amount of pleasure to do this to you," she says.

"Mary, please, don't be so cruel. This is my livelihood you're talking about. I really don't understand why you are doing this," I say.

"I'm doing it because you are driving me bat shit crazy with your little antics. Your tics and obsessions. It's ridiculous. You sit here being all pompous with me and then dare me to turn you in for sexual harassment. You got it. I think you wanted me to discover what you're wearing. I think you're proud of your ass and decided to bend like that in front of me. You wanted me to know, didn't you?" she asks.

I blink at her. I don't know what to say. "I don't want you turning me in. That's just means," I say.

"Are you gonna cry over it?" Mary asks.

“Precisely what I mean. You’re a mean girl,” I say.

She laughs. “Yep, you deserve this,” she says as she strides to the door.

“No, wait! Mary please. What do you want me to do?”

She spins around on me. “What do I want you to do? I don’t know. Quit being so annoying,” she says.

“How? Please tell me. I’ll do anything.” I nearly want to slide to the floor and beg her.

“Hmmm, you are begging now,” she says, amused by my puppy-dog eyes.

“Yes, I am. Want me on my knees?” I ask hoping it breaks the ice and brings a smile to her face.

“Interesting. I’ll get back to you on that. Let me think for a moment,” she says.

And for a long moment she merely peers at me, the thoughts crossing her mind behind her beautiful eyes. Finally her smiles as her brow lifts.

“Okay, I won’t tell on you or turn you in for sexual harassment if you’ll go out

with me and do exactly as I tell you to do,” she says.

I smile, breathing a sigh of relief. “Okay, yes, I’ll do it. Anything. As long as we can keep what happened here today private between us,” I say.

The smile won’t leave her face now. “Okay, deal. Come to my house tomorrow at 6 sharp. You might want to wear one of your ladies’ silk lacy panties, you know, for good measure,” she says. Then she waves her hand at me. “Bye, see you tomorrow.”

“Okay, tomorrow at six.” She’s gone. I sit back and tremble over what could have been a career ending disaster.

Six o’clock sharp I show up at her little house. I’m delighted by the simple homes on the street, modest homes with sprawling lawns. I rather like it, I can see myself living here. I live in a condo on the other side of the river.

“Hello, Josiah. I see you’re all dapper and ready for the date,” Mary says as she leads me inside her home.

“Wow, this is nice,” I say as I take in the black and cream decor, modern and yet also a touch of art deco.

“Yeah, thanks,” she says. She’s wearing a red dress, body hugging and more the type of dress a lady would wear out to a party than to work. I’ve never seen her in it.

“And might I add you look very nice in your outfit,” I say.

“All good. Thanks. Follow me,” she says as she leads me up a hall and to what I assume is her bedroom.

“Okay,” I say as I’m delighted by it.

“Now, I want you to remove your trousers,” she says.

“What?” I ask because I’m not sure if I’m hearing right. Am I the luckiest man alive or what?

“Yes, remember you agreed to do exactly as I said in order to keep me from filing a sexual harassment complaint against you,” she says.

Oh that. The corners of my lips turn downward. “Oh. Okay, trousers off,” I say flatly. I pull them off revealing a pair of lilac lacy panties on my fine ass. She chuckles when she sees and my cock swells under the attention.

“Here, I want you to slide into this. You may want to go to the bathroom first though. I plan to keep you out for a couple of hours,” she says. She’s holding a device I’m not sure what it is, but it’s metal and looks like panties, only it has a locking device on the front of it.

“A chastity belt?” I ask.

“Precisely. I want you to know what it feels like wearing one, the humiliation of it. I mean I’ve dealt with you over the past several months and your weird little idiosyncrasies, I figure a good dose of the ancient torture device women used to wear is fitting,” she says.

I swallow hard. “Okay, so once I wear this... thing, we’re square?”

She smiles, wickedly, and lifts a brow. “Yeah, we’re square.”

“Okay,” I say. I’m a big enough boy I can take my medicine and swallow it heartily without making a fuss. How bad could this be?

“Since you’re wearing the thin lacy panties, it should slide over it nicely,” she says.

I pull the device on, sliding it up my legs. “A little chafing,” I say as I adjust it over my package.

“Tough. If you’re such a tough man like you say you are, then you can do it,” she says. Stepping to me, she inserts the key and twists as it locks in place.

I sigh heavily as I pull on my trousers and buckle the belt. At least it makes me appear to have a nice solid package. Mary knocks on my crotch with a metallic

thud of her hand. I wince.

“Nice, solid,” she says and grins.

“Okay, what now?” I ask.

“To the club. Club Rally. It will be fun,” she says as she grabs her keys.

To keep what little dignity I have I pull the keys from my pocket. “If it’s all the same, can I drive us?” I ask.

“Nope. You’re my little bitch for the night,” she says as she grabs my arm and the key and pitches it to her entry table. Again, I wince.

Club Rally is always crammed with people, and normally not a place I frequent. I don’t consider myself that hip when it comes to going out and having fun. I’d much rather take in a show or go to a museum and or wine tasting. I have refined tastes.

“Quit being a pouty baby,” Mary says as she pulls me through the giant double doors.

Once inside, the beat thumps loudly, the lights twinkling over the dance floor. The bar has deep blue backlit lights that give it a mysterious air. Small tables dotted around contained small flickering lights which looked like candles. The

place had a dark feel except for the bright flashing dance floor.

“Two comos,” Mary says to the bartender. She didn’t even ask me, merely ordered what she assumed I’d drink. At this point, I’d drink anything with alcohol.

We make our way to a table and perch near the dance floor. I drink the cosmos down fast, while she sips. Her foot is tapping to the beat. A tall man comes up to the table.

“Dance” he asks her.

She glances at me and hesitates. “No, I’m with my date here. I’ll be dancing with him.” She winks at me.

At least there’s that. A tiny nudge of hope springs to my heart. When the song ends she pulls me up as we slip to the dance floor. I can’t help but lose myself to the beat of the music. I do love to dance and Mary looks so good, so fresh. She wiggles her hips as she moves around me, thrusting her ass into my crotch. If it weren’t for the damn chastity belt, I would have really enjoyed the move. The next song is slower and I pull her into my arms. Damn her, she’s pressing herself into me, her body so soft and curvy, her fragrance infiltrating my senses, driving me wild. Oof! My cock swelled and hit the belt, I nearly doubled over in pain from the inability to grow a hard on properly.

"All, what’s wrong, darling," Mary says. Of course, she knows exactly what's wrong as I glare into her face.

"Nothing, I'm perfectly fine," I say. I swallow hard as I try to ignore the fact that my cock has nowhere to go except back inside my body.

Mary pulls me closer, pressing into my chest, her hands are rubbing up from my back as she moaned softly. Dammit! What is she doing to me? I continue to ignore it and force a smile at her as she peers up at me. Her hands move to my biceps as she runs them down my arms. And she trails up to my neck, her soft hands rubbing over my ears as she pulls me forward to her. She lifts her chin, my lips meet hers as she slowly opens her mouth. She moans again while we kiss, and I can't help but encircle my arms about her. I groan, and then grimaced. Then I pull back the pain in my face obvious.

"Sweetheart, you seem like you're in pain. Are you okay?" she asks. Her damn hands keep roaming over my body, striking a chord deep within me causing me to feel an excruciating amount of pain.

"Okay, I give. Yes, I'm in pain. Are you happy?" I ask.

Mary smiles sweetly as her eyes look over my body. "I guess I am happy now. If you can tell me what it feels like to be humiliated being a woman. Because you so desperately want to be one. Let's go back to my place so I can unlock the chastity belt set you free," she says.

"Can't you just unlock it now?" I ask.

She giggles. "No, I left the key in my night table drawer," she says.

I groan as I follow while I'm nearly doubled over to the car. It is the most uncomfortable 15 minute drive of my life as we drive back to her home. She's talking to me, but the pain is so bad I can't even focus on what she's saying. I rush to the door and anxiously await her to hurry up and walk up and open it. I need to get out of this thing and now. I feel like my cock is about to explode and not in a good way.

She giggles as she pulls me back to her bedroom. "Remove your clothes," she says.

I pull my trousers down quickly and she shakes her head. "Remove all of your clothes," she says.

I do as she says, I am in nothing but the chastity belt and silk panties underneath. She stands in front of me, she's coming out of the sexy dress she has on. I groan and shut my eyes, my cock wants to grow. She's undressing in front of me, and she's completely naked. And when she's naked she crawls on the bed and puts the key in her teeth. She turns it with her head. I groan, she's acting so sexy and I would enjoy this otherwise. When she finally unlocks the chastity belt I lift my ass and pull it off quickly. My cock springs to life, poking out of the top of the panties. I rip them off quickly. Now it's my turn to take over and show her that I'm not a sissy but that I am a man.

She giggles as I come on top of her and kiss her mouth. She wraps her legs around my body. I focus on her luscious nipples, sucking one in while my fingers dance over the other. I move ever downward, until I settle between her legs and take a deep breath sniffing her raw essence. My cock grows exponentially, and I think I might time just come. I jut forth my tongue and lick her slit, she moans as she moves her fingers up to my hair and laces her fingers within. My tongue prods her hole and then upward to her clit. My fingers dance

over her hard nipples as my tongue bears down on her clit. She groans as she grinds her ass into the bed and holds my head to her. What I've done this entire evening has turned her on greatly. The next moment, her pelvis explodes as she yells out in ecstasy. The waves of pleasure wash over her body and I keep my tongue going until she shoves me back. Then, and only then do I lift up and come back on top of her.

I lean in to her with a full mouth kiss, letting her taste her own essence. She encircles her arms around me and pulls me to her as I place my cock in my hand and find her hole. Piercing through her tight pussy the relief washes through my body. I saw into her fast and hard, pounding her soft warm tunnel. She grinds into me, keeping pace with my moves. I jut forth, thrusting and lurching as my cock empties into her. She groans with me as her nails claw into my sides making me all the more excited. Her body quakes with mine as she comes again, and we rock together through the waves of pleasure. And finally, we're done as I pull out and roll to her side. We simply catch our breath as I encircle my arms around her and pull her to me. She runs her hand over my chest, her soft fingers dancing over my tiny nipples causing me to groan feeling the complete and utter satisfaction.

Lifting her chin, she smiles into my face. "Okay, now we're good," she says.

I take a deep breath and settle back and and kiss her again. "So let me get this straight, the way to get you to go out with me is wear panties and let you know I'm wearing them?" I ask.

"Perhaps. I think we could come up with some pretty fun scenarios here, but just have to wait and see," she says as she smiles at me.

THE END

Sign up to my Patreon account and receive exclusive Femdom stories every month

<https://www.patreon.com/femdomerotica>

Visit my Author Page for more books on Crossdressing, Forced Feminization, Sissification, Sissy Training, Humiliation and more

<https://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/ScarlettSteele>

Sign up to the mailing list to

download the free book below

<http://eepurl.com/bxqj-P>